1299
178
py 1

# Mount of the Holy Cross.

By James G. Clark.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1881, by James G. Clark, in the office of Librarian of Congress at Washington

Published by James G. Clark, Denver, Colo., 1881.

PS 1279
C178

# The Mount of the Holy Cross.

["The Mount of the Holy Cross, the principal mountain of the Saguache Range, Colorado, is 14,176 feet above tidewater. The Cross is located near the top, facing the east, and consists of two crevices filled with snow summer and winter. The crevices are about fifty feet wide, and the snow in them from fifty to one hundred feet in depth. The perpendicular arm of the Cross is some 1,500 feet long, and the horizontal arm 700 feet. The Cross can be seen at a distance of thirty or forty miles."]

# THE MOUNT OF THE HOLY CROSS.

BY JAMES G. CLARK.

The ocean divided, the land struggled through
And a newly-born continent burst into view,
Like furrows upturned by the ploughshare of God,
The mountain chains rose where the billows had trod;
And their towering summits, all barren and dun,
Turned their terrible brows to the glare of the sun,
Like sentinels guarding the gateway of Time,
Lest the contact of mortals should stain it with crime.

The ocean was vanquished, the new world was born,
Its headlands flung back the bold challenge of morn,
And the sun from the trembling sea marshalled the mist
'Till the hills by the soul of the ocean were kissed;
And the winter-king reached from his cloud-castled height
And hung on each brow its first garland of white,
For the crystals came forth at the touch of his wand,
And the soul of the sea ruled again on the land.

Copyrighted by JAMES G. CLARK.

Then arose the loud moan of the desolate tide,
As it called back its own from the far mountain side:
"O! soul of my soul, by the sun led astray,
Return to the heart that would hold thee alway;
The sun and the silver moon woo me in vain,
By day and by night I am sobbing with pain;
O! loved of my bosom, O! child of the Free,
Come back to the lips that are waiting for thee!"

But a sound like all melodies mingling in one
Came down through the spaces that cradled the sun,
Like music from far-distant planets it fell,
And earth, air and ocean were hushed in the spell;
"Be silent, ye waters, and cease your alarm,
All motion is only the pulse of my arm,
In my breath the vast systems unerringly swing,
And mine is the chorus the morning stars sing.

"'Twas mine to create them, 'tis mine to command
The land to the ocean, the sea to the land,
All, all are my creatures. and they who would give
True worship to me, must for each other live;
Lo! I leave on the mountain a sign that shall be
A type of the union of land and of sea—
An emblem of anguish that comes before bliss,
And they who would conquer must conquer by this."

The roar of the earthquake in answer was heard,
The land from its solid foundation was stirred,
The breast of the mountain was rent by the shock,
And a cross was revealed on the heart of the rock;
One hand pointing south—where the tropic gales blow,
And one to the kingdom of winter and snow;
While its face turned to welcome the dawn from afar.
Ere Jordan had rolled under Bethlehem's star.

The harp of the elements over it swung,
In the wild chimes of Nature its advent was rung,
Around it the hair of the winter-king curled,
And against it in fury his lances were hurled ;
And the pulse of the hurricane beat in its face
Till the snows were locked deep in its mighty embrace,
And its arms were outstretched on the mountain's cold breast
As spotless and white as the robes of the blest.

And the spirit of summer came up from the south
With the smile of the Junes on her beautiful mouth,
And she breathed on the valleys, the plains, and the hills,
And the snow rippled home to the songs of the rills ;
The winter was gone, but the symbol was there,
Towering mutely and grand, like the angel of Prayer,
Where the morning shall stream on the place of its birth
Till the last cross is borne by the toilers of earth.

It will never grow old while the sea-breath is drawn
From the lips of the billows at evening and dawn,
While heaven's pure fingers transfigure the dews,
And with garlands of frost-work its glory renews ;
It was there when the blocks of the pyramid pile
Were drifting in sands o'er the plains of the Nile,
And it still shall point homeward, a token of trust,
When pyramids crumble in dimness and dust.

It shall lean o'er the world like a banner of peace
Till discord and war between brothers shall cease,
Till the red sea of Time shall be cleansed of its gore,
And the years like white pebbles be washed to the shore ;
As long as the incense from ocean shall rise
And weave its bright woof on the warp of the skies,
As long as the clouds into crystals shall part,
That cross shall gleam high on the continent's heart.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 016 211 696 4